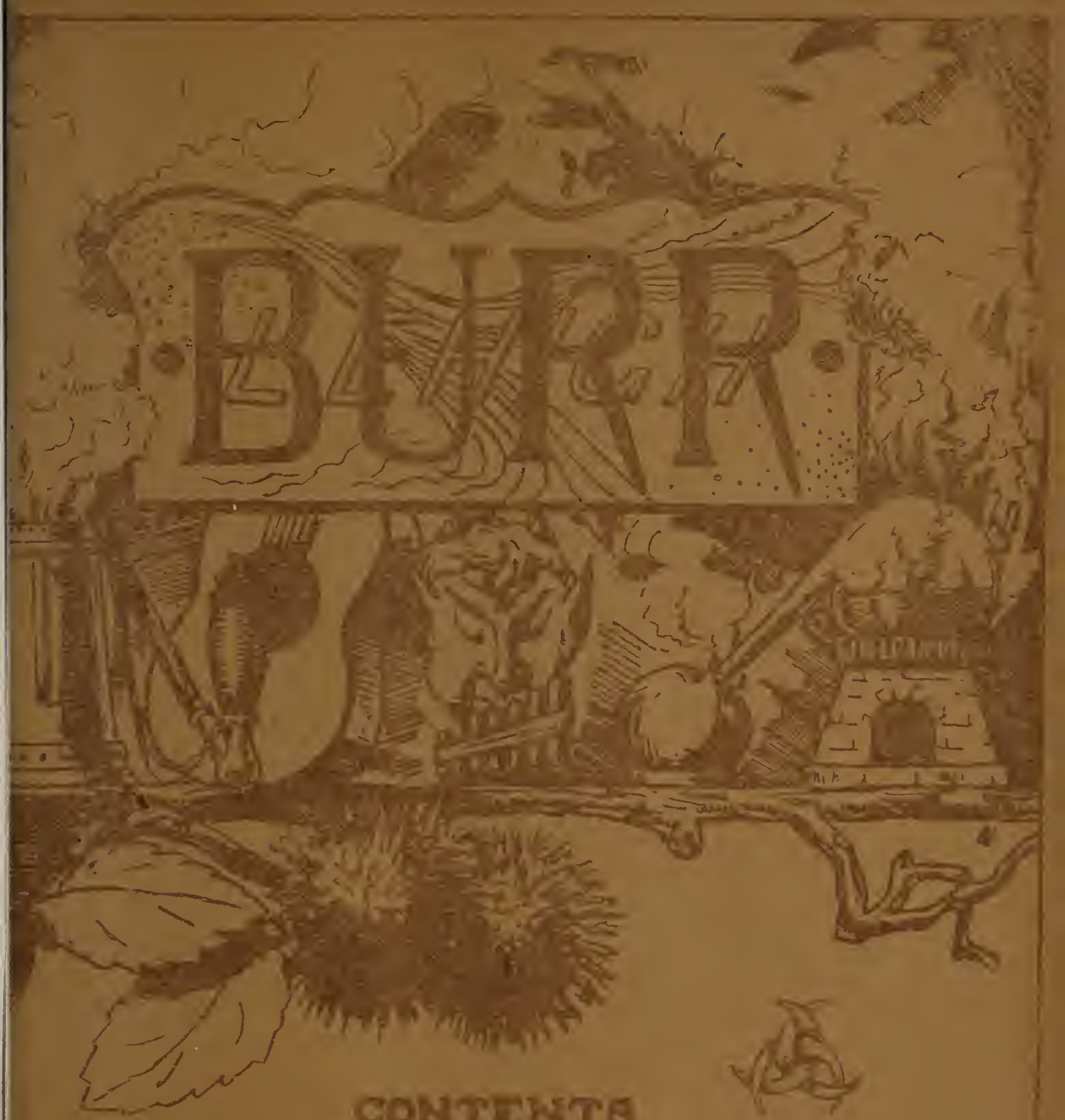

CONTENTS

Vol. I [illegible] 1880 No. 12

Page

[illegible] 141
[illegible] 141
[illegible] 141
[illegible] 142
[illegible] 142

THE LEHIGH UNIVERSITY,

SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.

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SOUTH BETHLEHEM, PA.

THE LEHIGH BURR.

Vol. 7. APRIL 5th, 1888. No. 12.

THE LEHIGH BURR,

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE LEHIGH UNIVERSITY SEMI-MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR.

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THE BURR wishes, briefly, but most cordially, in behalf of our students, to express to Elisha P. Wilbur, Esq., their deep sympathy for him in his recent bereavement, and, at the same time, their thankfulness that such a true friend to the University escaped from that most deplorable accident comparatively uninjured.

BY referring to the advertisement of the *Epitome* Board in this issue it will be seen that the book is expected to be issued about April 25. The book will be issued from the *Times* Printing House, and the typographical appearance will be excellent. We have been shown several advance sheets and can confidently predict an excellent publication. The Editors have worked hard to get out a book worthy of the institution, and it is the duty of every member of the University to do his share towards their support.

WE are sorry to see the Banjo and Guitar Club following in the usual path of such organizations at Lehigh. But, after practicing, giving a concert and having a photograph taken, such is its fate. How this club, a short time ago in a most prosperous condition, could so suddenly go to pieces is a mystery. At the place appointed for the last meeting but six of the club turned up. It has been fully demonstrated that ability and numbers are not lacking, and there is no reason why we are to be favored no more. Surely, it is a sad state of affairs when Lehigh, with her four hundred students, cannot support a banjo club, while colleges of half our size are sending their musical organizations about the country. Early in the term a trip to Harrisburg and Reading was talked of, and there is no reason why this plan should not be carried out. We appeal to the college spirit of those who could make this a success, and hope for better results in the future.

NOW that the Easter holidays have passed, and we are well into the last third of the college year, let us consider a few moments as to the distribution of our holidays. At Christmas we have a vacation of three weeks and at Easter we have five days. Very few colleges do we know of that give three weeks at Christmas, and still fewer colleges do we know of that give so few days at Easter, as does Lehigh. Now, why should there be such an uneven distribution? The Easter holidays

are so short that it is impossible or hardly worth while for the majority of our students to go home, and what is a vacation unless it is spent at home? We think that the sentiment of the larger part of the college is echoed when we say that two weeks at Christmas and twelve days at Easter would suit us much better.

At one of our sister colleges two weeks vacation is given to the students at Christmas and two weeks at Easter. We are not complaining as to the number of days vacation we have during the year, for we fully appreciate the generosity of the Faculty in this matter, but we are hardly satisfied with the uneven distribution of these holidays. Giving us a vacation of two weeks at Christmas and twelve days at Easter would, we think, be very gratifying to all of us, and we hope that, ere long, this will be done.

A RECENT decision of a Bethlehem Justice, which was that the students did not *rent* rooms in the Bethlehems, has caused much righteous indignation among all interested. It seems that students only exist in their rooms, but have no rights whatever there, being only granted the privilege of remaining through the beneficence of the owner of the property, and the—so called—"rent" which in return for that privilege is counted only as a present, to in some measure compensate for this kindness. Really, it seems that we have no rights whatever, for if our rooms be close we cannot open the windows or doors without obtaining permission, and an officer of the law threatens to put us in the "jug" if we are found on the street after eleven o'clock at night. Either we do not correctly understand the meaning of the word "law" or the code of laws by which the Borough of Bethlehem is governed differs radically from any other existing.

Why is it that the well-thinking and voting people of Bethlehem allow men who render such decisions to sit in judgment upon any case, be there students implicated or not. We have met injustice before, but college history cannot show a case which will equal this in unreasonableness.

These thoughts bring up, not a nameless longing, but a well-defined desire to have the dormitory system introduced at Lehigh and to have a University boarding house established, that at least a part of the two hundred thousand dollars the students expend annually in the Bethlehems might serve to benefit those who would appreciate it in some slight degree.

THE CHEMISTS' TRIP.

AT 6:45 A. M. Wednesday, March 28, the Senior Chemists, under the direction of Dr. Chandler, started for New York on their annual trip for chemical investigation. Upon arriving in the city they first visited Babbit's extensive soap works, and had the good fortune to be shown through the works by Mr. B. T. Babbit, the pioneer in the soap business of America, who presented each with the usual souvenir of their visit—a box of toilet soap. Visiting next the Metropolitan Water Gas Works and the Manhattan Coal Gas Works, through which the party was shown by gentlemanly superintendents and foremen, several hours were profitably spent in the study of the works and the comparison of the two processes.

Thursday morning Schaefer's brewery was visited, and the interesting process was thoroughly explained to the party by one of the proprietors. The next point of interest was the Columbia School of Mines, and as it was a little after midday the department of the greatest interest to the hungry Chemists was the lunch room. The laboratories were studied and an hour pleasantly and profitably spent in the excellent museums, both chemical and geological. Hurrying from the School of Mines, the party proceeded to Havemeyer & Elder's sugar refinery in Brooklyn. Chemists and superintendents explained the interesting

processes, and the fact that these are the largest refining works in the world, added not a little to the interest taken in the works. Leaving these works at night, the general opinion was that the second day's visits had been as interesting as those of the first.

Friday morning Carr's porcelain works were visited, and then the party proceeded to the Demuth Bro.'s glass works, on Long Island, opposite to the Nicols Chemical Works. Then, finding that Peter Cooper's glue factory was not far distant, admission was gained to these works and the process of manufacture of those closely allied products, glue and gelatine, was explained by the superintendent.

The Laurel Hill Chemical Works were next visited, where the theory and practice of the manufacture of different chemicals was clearly and fully explained by the superintendent.

Saturday morning the class took the ferry for Staten Island, and then passed over to New Jersey and visited the oil refinery of Lombard, Syres & Co. Under the guidance of the superintendents the crude oil as it is piped from the oil fields was watched through all the processes of refining until it was canned or barreled. Then the bye-products were followed through the various processes until from crude tar was obtained paraffine, which was made into candles. As a souvenir of the visit each one of the party carried away two boxes of beautiful candles. This was, perhaps, the most interesting of all the visits and made a very appropriate climax for an exceedingly interesting trip—a trip particularly interesting and instructive because taken in connection with the study of Industrial Chemistry.

DURING THE HOLIDAYS.

MARTELL remained in Bethlehem dur- the Easter holidays, to work and study. I have tried the experiment myself, and it has proved far from successful each time. I thought, perhaps, that the fault lay in myself; so I was curious to find out what Martell had been doing, and I asked him the first night.

"Staying in Bethlehem during vacations to study, work and economize is a delusion and a snare," he declared. "Positively, I spent more money than I have in any one month, and have wasted more time than I have for a year."

"Tell me what you did," I said; "you must have done something. What experiences have you had?"

"I have absolutely nothing, and the only experience I had amounted to nothing," he said.

But I persisted, and, propping his feet upon the table, he began the following tale:

"Wednesday, I did nothing; I had to see the fellows off, so I started the steam bath in the Lab., and left. In the evening we met at the place we stayers had decided upon as a rendezvous, and fooled around most of the evening, but nothing happened, and we separated about eleven o'clock. The next day my luxurious habits, long restrained, began to display themselves, and I did not arise until eleven o'clock. I breakfasted at the station. It was entirely too late to go to the Lab., so I fooled around all morning, and in the afternoon was persuaded to go down to the iron works. There was one day wasted, and I did not study any, as the gang congregated in my room in the evening and played whist.

"Friday was a repetition of Thursday in regard to rising, and the Lab. was closed, so I could not work then, and, like Titus, I lost a day. In the afternoon our landlady came up and told me that her niece and a friend from Philadelphia were going to be there in the evening, and we seemed so lonely that she wanted us to come down—'we' included Lincoln, Lawrence, Norris and myself. We all tried to decline, but it was a failure; so we had to accept.

"About nine o'clock I thought would be the proper time for me to put in an appearance, although the other fellows failed to show up. I listened to the sounds from below, and thought I could distinguish Lincoln's voice; so I went down, and sallied in, when, to my dis-

gust, I saw the niece, the friend, and about twenty old people, seated around talking. As soon as I entered absolute silence reigned. I thought at first of getting out of it by saying that I had come down for a glass of water, but then I thought that the other fellows would soon be in to help me out, and was lost.

"I was just what they had been waiting for, and I was introduced to each and every person in the room. I discussed the weather with the young ladies, and the 'old folks' looked on with approbation in their faces. But the weather gave out, and religion and politics followed in their turn. I talked ably on these subjects, for you know I am qualified to do so; but still the other fellows did not come, and I got decidedly wrothy. Someone suggested that the 'young peoples' would like to dance; the ladies hailed the suggestion with delight, and I was absolutely helpless. The old man sat down at the melodeon and played the solitary tune that you and I have so often studied by. He played slowly, and it was a waltz, fast, and it was a 'polka dance,' the girls said. The girls danced abominably, but I had to dance with them, first one and then the other, until they were worn out and I was a perfect wreck. The old people would display their appreciation of our efforts by clapping their hands and yelling out, 'Sehr gut!' and such expressions, but I did not enjoy it. My feet were sore all over from the girls' treading on them. My shirt and collar were in a pulpy condition, and I felt very rocky, and it was with the greatest relief that I saw the old man stop playing. Currant wine, vile stuff, and heavy, soggy cake were the refreshments, and I took as little as possible of each, although everyone plied me with them, and next day I discovered that the little I had taken was entirely too much.

"At last I made my escape, wondering where the other men had been all the time; and hearing voices in Lincoln's room went in and saw the three, seated at the table, playing 'seven up.' 'Here comes Martell,' said Lincoln; 'now we can play whist. Why, where on earth have you been, Martell?—we have been waiting for you an hour?' 'Why didn't you fellows go down stairs to the jubilee?' said I; 'that's where I've been.' The other fellows howled, 'You don't mean to say that you've been exhibiting yourself like a tame bear to the Dutch below, do you!' said Norris as soon as he could speak. 'I do, indeed,' I replied, 'and expected you fellows all the time.' 'Well, you didn't get us,' said he. 'We've been there before, and don't get caught like that; but I thought better of you.' It is needless to say that I was guyed all the rest of the time. I was called 'society man,' and 'dude,' and other pet names. And many were the rounds I had to set up to keep the gang quiet. I just tell you this to warn you, in case you are ever invited to a similar affair.

"The rest of the vacation was just like the first—loafed all day. The Lab. did not see my smiling countenance all the rest of the time, and my surplus got alarmingly low, and it was with great joy I hailed your return."

CAMP VICTOR.

Extracts from the Private Journal of Mr. Robt. Wolsey.

JULY 20.—Arrived this morning, the four of us, Ned, Percy, Jack and myself, together with old Isaiah. Certainly, a beautiful spot, even surpassing the fellows' description of it. Here we are in a little cabin on the very summit of an immense hill, commanding an outlook over all the surrounding country. In the little valley below is a delightful sheet of water, about two miles long by one and a half wide; wherein, the programme states, we are to take a "duck" or two every morning before breakfast. Being a green hand in the business, I have done very little towards fixing up the camp; the other fellows are hard at work. Expect to take a gallop through the valley after supper. Very little to see, I imagine, except the exquisite scenery. No signs of life about, except an immense house at the foot of the lake; looks as if it might be some ances-

tral mansion, with its large outlying estate. * * * Think I shall enjoy this life very much.

July 22.—* * * Made one of my stews to-day for dinner, and, by a standing vote, was honored with the office of chief cook and bottle washer, superseding Isaiah, who, I must confess, does not appear to be very mad over it: he still washes the dishes. * * *

July 24.—Had a great experience this morning. As I didn't feel quite sound I preferred to remain in camp while the others went up to the Falls to fish. My principal reason for staying in camp, however, was to concoct some dish that would cause Isaiah to be wholly restored to his old office: I had become sick of it. I can cook a stew well enough; but stews become tiresome. While I was in the cabin mixing every kind of provision we have into one grand mess, I was surprised to hear the tramp of horses outside. Wondering that the fellows should have returned so soon, I went out, found a young lady on horseback, followed at a little distance by a groom. Now, if I wish to preserve my well-known reputation for veracity to anyone who may hereafter gain access to the pages of this journal, I will not say that she was the very prettiest girl I have ever laid eyes on—for she was not; but she came near enough to perfection for me; and as she sat there erect in her saddle, inspired with the fresh morning air, her cheeks aglow from the exercise, I was quite entranced, doffed my sunshade and placed myself at her service. She seemed somewhat surprised to see me, but explained (would that I could reproduce her sweet tones and her exact words!) that she had seen the cabin from the valley below and had ridden up partly to see it and partly to get a view of the surrounding region. I immediately informed her whom I was; what our party was doing, and finally, in behalf of my companions, extended to her the liberties of the camp. I must confess to the leaves of this journal that I did all this in excellent style, no doubt inspired by the thoughts of what results my new invention in gastronomy might wring. She laughed heartily, and, expressing a desire to inspect the interior of our domicile, I helped her to alight from her horse and conducted her, with more or less gusto, to the cabin, which she surveyed with interest. As she looked rather suspiciously at the contents of the immense dish on the table, I explained what my plans were in that connection. She cautioned me against too great severity in the matter of mixing ingredients, and I swore that not another thing should go in. Well, in short, during the fifteen minutes that she remained in the camp, we became very good friends. I learned that she arrived yesterday at the ancestral mansion at the foot of the lake, the Summer home of her uncle. When she bade me adieu, she invited me to call, and I seized the occasion, with great celerity, to promise I would. I watched her till she was hidden by a bend in the road below, and then fell into a reverie, forgetting all about my cooking; so that when the fellows returned from the Falls no dinner was ready. I explained matters satisfactorily.

July 25.—This evening I donned my habiliments of civilization and called on Miss Curtis. Had a delightful time.

July 26.—Took a horseback ride with Miss Curtis, and rode several miles down the valley.

July 27.—Spent another delightful evening with Miss C. at the Grange.

July 28.—Took tea at the Grange. Miss C.'s uncle, the Major, is a jolly old codger. Had a great time.

* * * * *

Inasmuch as Mr. Wolsey's journal goes on in this strain for several days, let us peruse some

Extracts from Mr. Percy King's Journal.

Aug. 1.—We three—that is Ned, Jack and myself—held an indignation meeting to-night, and it was unanimously resolved to endeavor to convince Bob that he should spend more time with us. He spends the whole day now

over there, at the house at the foot of the lake, and we miss him very much.

Aug. 2.—Ned "sailed into" Bob this morning in elegant shape. He first acquainted him with—or rather reminded him of—the fundamental object of the Victor Club, viz.: to spend several weeks outside the realm of civilization, free from all restraints of society. Here Bob is infringing upon these principles to such an extent that we are compelled to make our little expeditions all by ourselves. In short, he might just as well have stayed in the city, for all the good he is doing us. Under ordinary circumstances his "mashing" affairs might be admissible; but during the stay of the Victor Club in camp such action is incompatible with our principles.

Bob seemed to be little affected by this argument. He didn't see it in that light, and forthwith rode off to the Grange.

Aug. 3.—Getting rather provoked at Bob. * * * When he came back last night and got into his bed his feet struck a nest of chestnut burrs, and immediately after the bunk collapsed. He didn't say much, but swore considerably under his breadth, and vowed he'd get even with us.

Aug. 5.—When we turned out this morning Bob was already up. Isaiah told us that he had gone for a short ride before breakfast. We waited a few minutes, and then, as he did not return, went down to the lake to have our morning swim. We were about to leave the water, when Percy suddenly said: "Look out, fellows, here comes Miss Curtis." We looked toward the bank, which was nearly fifty yards off, as the water deepens very slowly at this point. Yes, Miss C. was certainly riding along the bank, apparently in deep thought. We immediately scrambled for deep water till she should pass. But, what was our surprise to see her stop her horse on the bank, directly above our clothes—alight, open a parasol, take out a book and commence to read—seemingly oblivious to the fact that three youths were a short distance off, up to their necks in chilly water, waiting for her to pass on. We waited fifteen minutes without venturing to speak. Then Ned volunteered a whisper—a cold whisper—asking for suggestions as to the best means of getting ashore unseen. This was voted impossible Jack swore he was commencing to congeal; the rest of us ditto. Another fifteen minutes passed; still no signs on the part of Miss Curtis to depart. We were all blue in the face and the cold chills were creeping down our backs in quick succession. After another enjoyable wait, Miss C. rose and, looking towards us, shouted out, "You fellows may come in now. Please don't try any more chestnut burr gags on me again, for it don't pay, I imagine." Then, quietly slipping off the riding habit, our friend Bob mounted his horse and rode off.

Aug. 7.—The club is again harmonious. Bob prevailed upon us last evening to call at the Grange. Miss C. is certainly a charming young lady. During the course of our call, she tried to find out for what Bob had borrowed her horse and riding habit a few days before. As he didn't seem disposed to tell, we helped him to turn the conversation. On the way back to camp we told him we didn't blame him very much for infringing so enormously upon the club's principles. He returned the kindness by announcing his engagement; and was heartily congratulated.

Aug. 10.—Broke camp.

WHICH?

EVOLVED AFTER READING "THE LADY OR THE TIGER?"

OUR friend Stiles is in love, without a doubt. Anyone could see that by simply noticing his conduct. The way he sits gazing at nothing, with a look of perfect bliss in his eyes; the blush which mounts to his forehead when he comes back to earth; the time he spends going to and from the Post; the orders for boxes of Huyler's which the confectioner receives—all point to the same conclusion.

When Ed. was very young he and Anna Hobbs were great chums. She was a strong-

headed little wisp, with a very small braid of colorless hair sticking out behind. The eighteen years that have passed since she used to superintend the making of mud-pies in Ed.'s back yard have not changed the color or amount of her hair, but have made of her a tall, lank maiden, full of dignity and views on Prohibition and Women's Rights. She and Ed. have always attended singing-schools and sociables together; and letters in her fine, angular, total-abstinence handwriting are received and answered with great regularity.

Last Summer, at the invitation of his chum, Ed. spent two weeks at Atlantic City. His friend introduced him, one day on the beach, to Minnie De Banks, a very short, very black-eyed little lady, with a face the opposite of oval, or, rather, oval in the wrong direction. She was a thorough society girl. She danced divinely, played tennis, rode, swam, and had a most delightful way of making one think himself the only one she had ever cared to look at.

Ed.'s chum being very attentive to Miss De Banks's cousin, Ed. and Minnie became very well acquainted. Hence those letters with the New York postmark, directed in the hieroglyphics which Minnie's friends are so glad to see, though a detective is necessary in order to read them. After all, does not one like Ed., who intends some time to shine in society, need one for a wife who can preside with grace at his swell dinners?

There is our hero, now, evidently bound for the Post. We will follow close behind. Perhaps we can catch the look of joy that comes over his face as he looks over his mail. As we glance over his shoulder we see that he has drawn out two letters; one in a large, square, fashionable envelope, addressed in Miss De Banks's characters, the other in a U. S. stamped envelope, with a request in the corner to return in five days, if not delivered, to Miss Ann Hobbs, Sec. W. X. Y. Z. S., etc., etc. He quickly glances at the addresses, thrusts one in his pocket and, walking to the window, eagerly opens the other. But the clock shows us that we must leave, and hurry toward the campus. Which letter did Ed. open? Did he open it first because he could not see the contents soon enough, or because he wished to read it, and get through with it? Did he save the other because he didn't care much about it, or because he wanted to keep the best till the last? Did he read the first through carefully, or merely glance over its pages, then wildly tear open the other? Did he read the other that day, or wait till he had nothing else to do?

It is two years since Ed.'s graduation, and I am on the way to accept his invitation to spend a week with him and his wife. I am trying to decide whether the color of her eyes is blue or black.

THE RELIQUES OF BROTHER PETRUCIO.

PETRUCIO, let me incidentally remark, is dead. In that connection he is like Cæsar and other great men. He came to Lehigh with a heart full of aspirations and a purse full of money. His aspirations, not finding suitable soil for growth (owing to the too frequent recurrence of 2 o'clock recitations), and his money taking itself to the pockets of the sharks (boarding-house keepers, cops, Justices of the Peace, etc.) that prey upon Lehigh students, he died. Petrucio was a poet in his own estimation and in mine. I am his literary executor. I edit such of his productions as will bear the scoffs and sneers of a cold and heartless world. I feel it my duty to thus introduce myself to the reader. Reader, we are acquainted.

Pauvre Petrucio. How often have we climbed the narrow, tortuous and sordid stairs that led to our sky parlor (for which we were mulcted sufficiently to build and maintain a block of brownstone fronts) and, gazing from our window upon the bewildering maze of backyards, pig-pens, mud, garbage and desolation shown therefrom, thanked our lucky stars that we were in a university town. The view from that solitary window on the evening

of a hot day seemed to lift the soul of my Petrucio above mundane affairs. One evening, after a prolonged attempt to find in the neighborhood an atom of air labeled, "Fresh from Heaven"—a vain attempt—he murmured the following to a well-known air:

Those evening smells, those evening smells,
How many a tale their mixture tells,
Of jokes and pig-styes numerous,
That fills the soul with thoughts of "cuss"—
And other words whose might compels
Me to proscribe those evening smells.

The cops slouch through the reeking streets,
While festering odors throng their beats,
Of garlic, sauerkraut, and such
As tempts the stomachs of the Dutch.
The air around them reeks and swells—
They seem to like those evening smells.

Ah! many an eve when I am gone,
Through rotting stews they'll still prowl on,
To jerk the students through the mire:
To lie like blazes to the "'Squire:"
As in his ear the tale each tells—
And yet they prize those evening smells.

The next world cometh on apace;
While some, with tears, solicit grace,
The muckers, if a chance be given,
To climb the battlements of Heaven,
Will leave the place with jeers and yells—
Because they miss those evening smells.

P. liked to walk in the evening. I accompanied him—not that I loved the surroundings—as he had then developed the cough that carried him off. It was what Micky Finn (landlady's hopeful) called "a dom bad graveyard cough.' One evening P. was indulging himself in his forced amusement and was "gathered in," for inciting a riot, by the leatherhead (*anglice*, Penna. Dutch) who officiated as cop in that section of mud, stink, and total depravity known as Our Ward. I was jerked as an accomplice and abettor. It pleased P. to see the Dutch amuse themselves, even at his own expense, as their amusement partook of that airy and graceful nature that characterizes the cow or the elephant in its innocent gambols. After we had been "run in" and our wallets stamped flat by the "'Squire," we wended our way homeward in silence. Even after reaching our home P. was thoughtful for some time—possibly four cigarettes—and then sang, with feeling, the following:

My chum and I lived all alone
In a stifling hole we called our own,
While a cop below in accents strongly Dutch turned up this gentle song.
"Haw! Haw! Haw! you und me
Vill jerk all students vot ve see.
Ha! Ha! Ha! you und me
Vill haul dem to de old 'J. P.'"

The "'Squire" sits in his easy chair,
Like a hungry spider in his lair,
While the cops for each arrest, 'tis said,
Make seventy cents apiece per head.
"Ha! Ha! Ha!" says the 'Squire to me,
"That's the sort of a hair-pin that I be.
The cops just haul them in, you see,
When we squeeze 'em flat and set 'em free."

Did I tell that Petrucio was a Venetian? It made him homesick to see our streets during a mud blockade. "So like the canals of my youth," he would murmur, as his thoughts reverted to the past, and, forgetting me, he would hum "Santa Lucia," or some other air dear to boyhood. I found the following in his papers. It made me weep:

(*Scene, New St., S. B.*)

A student, up to chapel bound,
With a boatman thusly parleys:
"If you will set me on dry ground
I'll stand a treat at 'Charlie's.'"
"Begob!" the boatman quick replied;
"Young man, fwat's that yer givin?
There ain't a mossul o' dry ground,
I'm blowed, this side o' Hivin."

(MEM.—He named another locality in the tropics of eternity. The above is introduced by poetic license.)

"Then haste thee! haste!" the student cried,
"The chapel bell stops ringing.
With colds in head, in varied keys,
The choristers are singing.
Before me lies the Reading track,
Ten trains in one are blended;
Ah me! ah me! 'tis 'no excuse,'
And I shall be suspended."

Up spoke that hardy highland wight,
"Just climb right in, young feller;
Tho' low'ring clouds are black as night—
Tho' muddy billows beller;
Tho' I shall never taste your treat"—
Or words of import equal—
"I'll paddle yer across de sthreet"—
☞ Concluded in the *sequel.*

As I remarked at beginning, Petrucio was dead. He is still dead. Possibly, after reading the foregoing, the "cold world" may conclude that he had better stay dead. However that may be, I bear the C. W. aforesaid no malice and subscribe myself.

P.'s Executor.

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors are not responsible for any opinion expressed in this column. No anonymous communications published.]

Editors Lehigh Burr:—Your correspondent "York" has made a great ado about a small matter. One would suppose that Lehigh had been injured. The reality is that ignorance *will* expose itself if you give it a chance. Everyone who knows anything of the matter knows that Harvard and Yale, being such great affairs, are complete in themselves, and the students grow to fancy that their particular puddle is the world and all outside is chaos. Yale has the advantage of drawing its students from the United States, while Harvard, as everyone knows, is local, and is located, as a well-known writer says, "in the bar-room of the Parker House." The writer was condoled with in that he did not go to Harvard. Had he gone he could have had the entrée of the best Boston society. When the writer read, not long ago, of two Harvard men fighting a genuine "mill" for the possession of a woman of low character in Boston, he doubted whether the peculiar grade of society affected by Harvard men would produce that degree of "culchaw" for which (with baked-beans and brown-bread) Boston is so justly famed. As the only Lehigh man that went to Harvard had his diploma received and took his B. A. the first year he was there, and as he became an editor of one of their papers, while no graduate of any institution had ever had his diploma good for more than an entrance examination here (and men have come from Yale, Brown, and other less-known colleges, and have graduated), it strikes the writer that we need not feel hurt if the average Harvard man accidentally gets a little news that is not local. He has had so much local news lately of repeated thrashings by Yale in everything he has undertaken that a little outside news would be like a breath of fresh air.

Lehigh.

DE ALUMNIS.

[Contributions to this department are solicited.]

'78—C. C. Lance is assistant superintendent of J. R. Witherow's works at Pittsburg.

'84—J. A. Jardine, E. M., was in town during Saturday and Sunday, April 8 and 9.

'86—L. J. H. Grossart, C. E., who has been stationed at Mauch Chunk in the employ of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, has been appointed as an additional instructor in Civil Engineering.

KERNELS.

—Instructor: "Mr. M——, what is a buttress?"
Mr. M——: "A she billy goat."

—Bishop Rulison will confirm such students of the University as so desire on April 15.

—The classes in the Department of Civil Engineering have commenced outdoor work in surveying.

—Professor, to class: "You will read up, gentlemen, on this subject, but you will not find it in any book."

—The opening lacrosse game will be played with the Maple Leaf Team in Philadelphia on Saturday, April 28.

—Mr. P——: "Professor, what is a double-legged standpipe?"
Prof.: "A standpipe with two legs."

—Instructor, to Mr. B——, who has his book open behind the settee: "You should not be scared, Meestar B——, when I rise."

—S. S. Voorhees, ex-'88, has secured a position as chemist in the laboratory of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at Altoona.

—All compulsory work in the Gymnasium has ceased for the term and the annual physical examination will begin shortly.

—Dr. Ringer will deliver a lecture on Socialism, under the auspices of Tau Beta Pi, in Christmas Hall, Monday evening, April 23.

—The Freshmen are endeavoring to form a class lacrosse team. About seventeen members of this class are training for the University team.

—Professor W. A. Lamberton, who resigned the chair in Greek here last December, has received a fellowship at the Johns Hopkins University.

—The Post Graduates have finished up all their work with the exception of their theses and the examination in Astronomy. They all expect to leave here by the 1st of May.

—The Mustard and Cheese Dramatic Club has decided not to go to Reading, and also that on account of the lateness of the season they will not give an entertainment this term.

—Mr. S——, translating: "He began his undertaking with the hangman."

Professor: "Oo, Meestar S——, a hangman is not an undertaker!"

—G. H. Davis, '88, president of the Athletic Association, intending to leave college for some time, has resigned his position, and W. Bradford, '88, has been elected by his class to fill this position for the rest of the year.

—The members of the Electrical Department for the past two weeks have been measuring the arc lights in Bethlehem and South Bethlehem. They have been greatly aided in the work by the kindness of the Electric Light Company.

—Dr. Ringer commenced his lectures on French Literature to the Junior Class on Thursday, April 12. Those on German Literature will begin Tuesday, April 18. These lectures will follow very pleasantly Dr. Coppée's Shakespearean readings.

—The promises for a good lacrosse team this year are excellent. Seven of last year's team are again training and thirty-five men responded to the first call for outdoor practice last week. Especial interest is being taken in the game by the Freshmen.

—At the meeting of the Engineering Club on Tuesday, April 10, a new constitution was adopted and papers as follows were read: J. H. Wells, C. E., '85, "Design for Wagon Tramway with Steel Rails;" C. J. Parker, '88, "Standpipes," and A. T. Throop, '89, "Aluminum Bronze."

—J. B. Macintosh, Instructor in Quantitative Analysis, has announced that he has resigned his position, to take effect May 1. Mr. Macintosh has accepted the position of Chief Chemist for the Consolidated Gas Companies of New York, which company comprises all the gas corporations in that city with the exception of two.

—The last of Dr. Coppée's interesting course of lectures on the plays of Shakespeare was delivered to a large audience on April 12, the subject of his reading being "Hamlet." The lectures have proved quite a literary treat for the college, and on account of the general access to them this year the public have been able to avail themselves of the opportunity to hear these enjoyable readings.

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CLIPPINGS.

THREE DEGREES.

WHEN from his college walls the Grad. goes forth,
Equipped with liberal learning fairly won,
He knows that in all struggles here on earth,
The first best getting must be getting on.

But by and by when he has got a start,
And snugly fixed himself in some nice corner,
When wealth by hook and crook pile up, he thinks
The next best getting must be getting honor.

When once with "boodle" he has lined his purse,
His moral status being somewhat non est,
He strives to elevate himself—so thinks
The last best getting must be getting honest.

—*Yale Record.*

A WRECKED TRAIN.

AT unusual speed we were dashing along,—
The ponderous train was behind,—
When all of a sudden a something went wrong,
And—a wreck of the wretchedest kind!

'Twas not on the rails of the Central N. J.
That occurred this disaster terrific;
And equally wrong if, perchance, you should say
On the ties of the Union Pacific.

Ah, no! gentle reader; quite off in your guess;
'Twas a wreck worse than those to descry:
The train was the train of Belinda's new dress,—
The passenger on it was I.

—*Williams Weekly.*

RIGHT THERE.

A MAID with a smile as fair as the skies,
A gallant who for nothing e'er tarries,
She cast him a glance, with archness replete,
He knows the deep meaning it carries.

"Kind maid, pray answer my query bold,
Were I to impress," said he,
"The seal of love on your waxen lips,
Can you tell me what you would be?"

"Kind sir," quoth she, with coquettish glance,
"Your conduct is shocking, very;
But as for your answer,"—with modest blush,
"I'm sure I'd be—stationery."

—*Yale Record.*

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THE EPITOME!

TO THE ALUMNI, UNDERGRADUATES AND FRIENDS OF THE UNIVERSITY:

It is expected that THE EPITOME will be issued about APRIL 25TH. The '89 Board have spared no pains to make this issue of the Lehigh Annual a representative book in every respect.

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THE EPITOME!

COLLEGE NOTES.

—There are nearly 400 pupils in boxing at Harvard.

—There are fifty-eight men training for the Yale crews.

—President Cleveland will lay the corner-stone of the new library at Cornell next June.

—Williams College Brass Band was organized for the purpose of taking part in the student parades of the Presidential campaign.

—There will be no Harvard-Columbia boat race this year. It was found to be impossible to obtain a date satisfactory to both crews.

—The question of conferring a degree of A. B. in three years at Harvard is discussed in the *Harvard Monthly*, by Francis Cabot Lowell, one of the overseers of that University.

—The Dramatic Club of Columbia College has handed over to the navy $1000, the proceeds of their recent theatricals. Another entertainment will be given in April.

—The Cornell Senior Class intend to give the University Athletic Association a cinder track instead of the usual class memorial. The ground will be given by the University.

—The Prohibition Club at Brown has challenged any three members of the college belonging to either of the old parties to a public debate on the question, "Is there a need for a Third Party, the Prohibition Party?"

—As Amherst is the only college with a billiard room attached to its Gymnasium, any statistics regarding it are of especial value. Since the opening of the college year, Freshmen have used the tables 44 per cent. of the time; Sophomores, 24 per cent.; Juniors, 18, and Seniors, 14 per cent.—*Student.*

—Cornell University has been shut out of the State Intercollegiate Athletic Association, because for a number of years she won nearly every event at their State meetings, and left a very poor show for the other colleges. It is thought that she will now endeavor to enter the league of the Eastern colleges.

—The Western Reserve University, which includes Adelbert College, has declared against co-education. Fifteen young women now enrolled will be permitted to conclude their course, but no more girl students will be received. Adelbert's trustees say officially that they believe in "higher education" for women, but they think their young men may get along better alone. A separate college for girls under Adelbert patronage is proposed.

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